



THE PERILS OF POPULARITY.

"I WISH SOMEONE WOULD GIVE ME A DOG."—*Infant Prodigy to an Interviewer.*

OUR ARTIST DEPICTS THE SCENE NEXT DAY.

TO A MINCE PIE.

EXIGUOUS pie, beneath whose brittle shell
One solid month of luck is said to dwell;
Within whose minced succulence there
lurks

An antidote to fell Misfortune's works;
Thou harbinger of prosperous days in
store

(*I.e.*, posterior to 1904),

Days—to express it in a graceful way—
Sweetened by toil and beautified by pay;
Divine comestible, thy potent spell
Bids me to eat (though presently unwell)
Thee and eleven others each thy peer,
In all a dozen, to complete the year.

The cloth is spread: a fig for indigestion,

Thy magic art permits no doubt or
question;

No need to voice the heart's profound
desires,

One simply eats thee and the rest transpires!

But still I may as well, before I feed,
Mention precisely all the things I need.

Item, the Public at the present time
Displays a base indifference to rhyme;
Between us, nothing really could be
worse
Than the immediate sale for humorous
verse.

It isn't that I'm thinking of myself:
Toilsome obscurity and lack of pelf
I'm quite accustomed to: what sears my
heart

Is the unparalleled offence to Art.
The evil's rank: the remedy is clear;
I think you might attend to this next year.

Item, a lovely maid, the counterpart
Of Venus' self, has won my trusting
heart;

I met her first while taking tea and
muffins

With Mrs. JONES: her name's CORDELIA
CLUFFINS.

I know she looks with favour on my suit,
But CLUFFINS Senior is a perfect brute,
His tone is vulgar and his voice is hoarse,
His manner, towards myself, extremely
coarse.

His kindlier feelings badly want a jog

(Something might also happen to the
dog).

At any rate, for better or for wuss
I want the girl: please pull this off for us.

Item, my uncle, old JOSIAH CHITTY,
A tallow-broker somewhere in the City.
He's a philanthropist, in broken health,
The sort that often misapply their
wealth.

In short he's ripe to quit this world of
cares,

And I am one of his prospective heirs.
Life would be easier without a doubt
If Uncle Josy were to peter out.
This view may strike you as an idle whim,
But still I think you might attend to him.

Item—but no: I feel the above will do,
At any rate till January's through.

(Old CLUFFINS in particular should try
The powers of any well-developed pie.)
My further wants shall exercise the art
Of February's individual tart.

And now I eat: what boots one night of
pain,
When thirty days of happiness remain?

GAMES AND THE MAN.

["Sport," says Mr. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM, in a recent letter to the *Humanitarian*, "has often been defended as being the image of war, and as tending to render those who engage in it manly and warlike . . . But there are the Japanese, none of whom are sportsmen, for one can hardly class their fishing (after a battle) in the category of sport . . . Is any nation of sportsmen more brave or more warlike?"]

O FOR the faiths of long ago
On which our fancy loved to lean,
When naked Truth was still to know,
And we were young and very green;
Now are they mostly hollow myths,
Like to the "king y-crowned in Fairy,"
Or those high gods in Dr. SMITH'S
Inimitable Dictionary.

To history's radium, piercing through,
Reluctantly each legend yields:—
Witness the tale of Waterloo
As won on Eton's playing-fields;
Its authorship is not in doubt:
The Duke unquestionably said it:
Only, the facts therein set out
Are deemed no longer worthy credit.

We nursed, till now, the cherished creed
That none could cope with swords and flames,
Or do a dashing warrior-deed
Save he excelled in "manly games;"
Games were "a mimic warfare," and
Unless an officer could play 'em
He had no leg on which to stand.
"O hasn't he?" says Mr. GRAHAM!

"Go mark the Jap! He wades in gore,
He gives, and takes, the shrewdest knocks,
Although he never snicked a four,
Or ran to earth the ruddy fox;
He laughs to hear the bullets hum,
'Banzai!' he yells and lays the foe low;
And yet he never screwed a scrum,
Or took a casual toss at polo.

"How he achieves it, who can say?
I don't suppose he ever stood
Intent to grass his fluttered prey
Outside a pheasant-haunted wood;
Yet thus employed, or in the course
Of armed affrays with instant rabbits,
We think to learn that cool resource
Which stamps the man of martial habits.

"Tis true, at times, he has his fling
Upon a river-bank or mole,
Trying for fish with baited string
Dependent from a bamboo-pole;
Yet he pursues this gentle art
Rather by way of relaxation
Than as a prime essential part
Of military education.

"He routs the Cossack; yet he spends
No time on racing, or can see
Much merit in a school that tends
To feats (we're told) of chivalry;
Can you conceive *our* soldiers' brains
Reft of the tipster's useful knowledge?
Or picture Ascot's tented plains
Without the Camberley Staff-College?"

O Mr. GRAHAM, you have cleft
This heart in twain by your report;

At worst we had one solace left—
Our manhood's faith in British Sport!
The rest might go—art, science, trade—
Sport was the only thing that mattered;
On this the Empire's base was laid,—
And now—that last illusion's shattered!

O. S.

THE DELIGHT OF GIVING.

(Being useful hints for Yule-tide gifts.)

By MR. PUNCH'S SOUVENIR-SPECIALIST.

SEVERAL correspondents have asked me to suggest any present which would be at all likely to give pleasure to a Grand Aunt who has for some years past been a confirmed Centenarian. As she is practically certain (judging from all I have read about Centenarians) to be in completer possession of all her faculties than the average person of middle-age, it would be difficult to find anything more suitable or in better taste than an 18-h.p. automobile. All the principal drapers are just now exhibiting a wonderfully cheap line of cars, some of which are marked down as low as £999 19s. 11½d.!

Another and somewhat less expensive gift is a monkey—always a lively companion for any elderly lady in low spirits who requires rousing. You can hardly go far wrong with either—but perhaps the motor-car would be the more *chic* and up-to-date token of affection.

PENELOPE.—I see no objection to your working a pair of braces for the bachelor Bishop of your Cathedral City *except* the difficulty of ever being *quite* certain that your gift is proving of practical service to its recipient. Why not embroider him an apron instead? It should be of black or a mulberry shade of silk, with the Episcopal arms in coloured silks in the centre, and quite a coquettish touch could be given by the addition of two small pockets adorned with clerical rosettes or bows. In one corner of the apron you might work a dove, in the other a serpent; this would give a delightfully artistic and symbolical finish to the garment—which of course is only intended to be worn with full evening dress.

O. LETTHAM-ALCOMBE has collected a small fund for the purpose of presenting each destitute foreign alien now in our midst with a small Christmas *souvenir*, and wants to know what I consider they would be most likely to appreciate. I should say that either an egg-whisk or an umbrella-stand would be received with enthusiasm. Or there are some delightful Bath squares in four Art shades, which, at two-and-fivepence-halfpenny apiece, would form a useful and seasonable present. If for any reason this idea is not approved of, I'm afraid I can only suggest some little article of daily use, such as a Bridge-marker, a stamp-damper, or a cab-whistle.

CLARCY.—There is no particular reason why you should not send the Duke a slight token of remembrance this Christmas if you think proper to do so, especially if, as you say, he has rather gone out of his way to be affable to you on more than one occasion. The difficulty with a Duke, of course, is to give him anything that he hasn't got already. If I were you, the next time I met him I should lead the conversation with apparent carelessness to the subject of trouser-stretchers, and, should you succeed in ascertaining that he does not possess such an article, you might do worse than supply the deficiency. They are not expensive—the best costing no more than ten shillings, but of course you could easily have one made for you in solid silver and enamelled with the ducal cipher, or a spray of holly, or possibly a robin, which would save you from all suspicion of stinginess.

COUNTY FAMILY writes: "My old housekeeper will have



Bernard Partridge.

“DE MORTUIS,” &c.

SHADE OF SHAKESPEARE (to MR. PUNCH). “I HEAR THEY WANT TO DO SOMETHING TO PERPETUATE MY MEMORY. I SAY, OLD MAN, DON’T LET ’EM PUT UP A STATUE!”





COMPLEMENTARY.

Exasperated Amateur Photographer (to girls who have been "rotting" a good deal). "PLEASE KEEP STILL. YOU ARE SPOILING SUCH A CHARMING BACKGROUND!"

been with me fifty-five years next Christmas, and I should like to give her a little something, *just for once*, to mark the occasion, but cannot think of anything really *appropriate*. Can you help me?"

Has she got a Sandow Exerciser, a bicycle bell, or an ocarina? Any one of these gifts would be regarded by her as an act of graceful condescension on your part. But perhaps an even safer present would be a diamond tiara.

GENEROUS UNCLE.—I certainly think that, if you carry out your intention of presenting the young couple with an elegant drawing-room suite at £6 13s. 8d. from the Tottenham Court Road, you will be making them a most magnificent Christmas present—especially if you throw in the Art coal-scuttle at three-and-eleven. As an artist, your nephew is sure to treasure the handsomely carved monumental slab representing the last moments of your first wife, and will undoubtedly assign it the place of honour over his dining-room mantel-piece. You could not possibly have hit upon a cheerier selection, and will have the satisfaction of knowing that you have rendered at least *one* home bright and happy in the coming Yule-tide!

ONE OF A NUMEROUS FAMILY.—Yes, I know it is a great tax—especially with so many cousins whom one cannot abide, but who still must not be forgotten! However, it is *quite* a fallacy to suppose that you cannot indulge your generous impulses except at a ruinous expense. Remember that it is not the value of the gift that counts, but the spirit in which it is given. By following my instructions, you will be able with little or no outlay to present all the male and female members of your circle of relations with a gift that will

certainly strike them as infinitely more valuable than the one they gave *you*. First for the ladies: Save up, or ask your chemist to oblige you with, as many empty pill-boxes as you may require. Fill each box with emery powder (which the cook will procure for you, and put down in the bills). Then cover neatly with scraps of velvet, silk, or brocade (these your dressmaker will be quite grateful to you for picking up off her floor). Finish off with gold cord—which you will have saved from crackers—and you have a tasty and artistic trifle that no one will ever believe could possibly have cost less than fourpence-three-farthings.

Next for the gentlemen: A match-box is always a useful present for a gentleman—even if he is not a smoker. Ask the parlour-maid to keep the empty Tändstickor boxes for you. When you have enough of these, cover the inner box with gold or silver paper off the crackers. Remove the outer case and wash it over with a solution of weak gum, or sugar and water. *Before* it dries, sprinkle it all over with SIMPKIN'S Silver Frost (this you will probably have to purchase at a Fancy Stationer's. It costs a penny a packet, but one packet will do quite a number of boxes). When dry, glue a seasonable device (which you can cut out from your last year's Christmas cards) on the top of each—and I venture to predict that you will be quite surprised at the admiration and gratitude of your male friends and relatives as they open the parcels containing your effective but inexpensive little offerings. If you care to go to the additional expense, you can fill each box about a third full with Tändstickors, but this is not absolutely essential for an object which is chiefly decorative.

F. A.

SEE HOW THEY RUN.

(OR OUGHT TO DO.)

A REVISED edition of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, in which various hymns familiar to us from our childhood have been subjected to extensive emendations with a view to remedying their metrical deficiencies or improving their ethical tone, has recently been issued to a grateful Public.

Encouraged by the chorus of delight with which this courageous enterprise has been received by the Press, *Mr. Punch* has embarked upon a task equally bold and certainly not less necessary. It is, in fact, the production of a revised edition of our English Nursery Rhymes. Children of the least delicacy of feeling must constantly have been shocked by the barbarous and occasionally sanguinary episodes with which this class of literature is defaced; while, though the metres are usually well enough, the rhymes are often of the poorest description and sometimes hardly worthy of the name. To take an obvious instance, the story of *Jack and Jill* :—

JACK and JILL
Went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water,
JACK fell down
And broke his crown,
And JILL came tumbling after.

This is obviously a painful episode—and all modern educationists are agreed that the element of pain should be excluded as far as possible from childish literature—while the rhyme “water” and “after” is so deplorable that it would bring tears to the eyes of any sensitive child. Certainly *Mr. Punch*, who is rather fastidious in these matters, would never admit such a rhyme to his columns. The poem therefore needs drastic revision as follows :—

JACK and JILL
Went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water,
JILL fell down—
But saved her crown,
For JACK politely caught her!

Here the rhyme is improved, the catastrophe avoided, and a lesson in masculine courtesy insinuated—the poem being thereby rendered suitable for family reading.

Again, the story of *Three Blind Mice* is a horrible one, and quite unfitted for any nursery. The idea of blindness, even where only a mouse is concerned, is far too tragic to be treated with levity, while the idea that any woman would deliberately cut off an animal's tail—and use a carving-knife for the purpose!—is unspeakably repulsive. In *Mr. Punch's* edition these undesirable features have been removed, and the poem now reads :—

Three blonde mice—
See how they run!
They all ran after the farmer's wife,
A kindly lady of blameless life,
Who never would dream of employing a knife
On three blonde mice!

Old King Cole is a comparatively unobjectionable ditty, but there is an hilarious tone about it which is open to criticism; while the contents of the “bowl” should be clearly stated in the interests of Band of Hope propaganda. The opening stanza should therefore run :—

Old King COLE
Was a temperate soul,
Oh a temperate soul was he!
When on festive occasions he called for his bowl
It was always a bowl of tea.

Sing a Song of Sixpence it has been found possible to retain unaltered, at least for the present, but with the growth of Vegetarianism it may ultimately be necessary to alter the blackbirds into black currants.

Treated in this way it will be found that Nursery rhymes, like hymns, are capable of indefinite amelioration, and when the new edition is in the hands of the public *Mr. Punch* hopes it will be generally admitted that the revisers have been entirely successful in destroying the charm of the originals while not greatly improving the sense.

TO AN OLD FRIEND.

[The rhinoceros, “JIM,” the “oldest inhabitant” of the Zoo, has at length joined the great majority.]

TIME flies apace, and Death makes many claims;
Old favourites vanish, giving place to new;
But this was hardly what we looked for, JAMES,
From you.

For fifty years we'd pored upon your slow
But sportive gait, your mirth-provoking eye;
Nobody ever dreamt that you would go
And die.

For fifty years our doting little ones
Had loved the generous air that round you clings;
You were their prime receptacle for buns
And things.

JUMBO had gone to glory, smashing trains;
JINGO had vanished in the briny deep;
E'en HANNIBAL had laid his old remains
To sleep.

Giraffes, tarantulas and chimpanzees
Arrived and perished in our alien clime,
But you we deemed as proof against disease
And time.

But now we come, and lo! you're vanished too;
Empty the cage you used to gambol in;
Only by paying sixpence may we view
Your skin!

Farewell, old friend, your smile was very dear:
Fate calls, alas! what is there left to do
But wish a freer, happier New Year
To you?

THE FISTIC PROBLEM ABROAD.—Our Hungarian Parliamentary correspondent reports :—The chair was taken by a member of the Diet, who broke it over the head of the Minister for War. The Premier, the “strong man of the Government,” complained of the conduct of those “who had violated the forms of the House.” While mentioning the forms he made no reference to the chairs, whose legs had been used as arms. He then contemptuously alluded to the House as a Diet of Worms, and introduced an Agricultural Bill and two scythes, with which he attacked the Opposition. Left sitting (on the floor).

TOO SEVERE.—The defendant who had conducted his own case and lost it, as reported in the *Times* of Tuesday, Dec. 13, finally requested His Honour Judge ADDISON, K.C. (Southwark C. C.) to be “good enough to state a case for the Higher Court.” But His Honour wasn't “good enough,” remarking that “The High Court and every other Court and every lawyer would laugh at such a defence.” If this were indeed “the state of the case,” then how very unkind it was of Judge ADDISON to deprive the legal profession generally of so exceptional a chance of enjoying a good joke.

ADVICE TO INVESTORS.—If you drop a match, don't strike another to look for it.

THE CALL OF THE CONGO.

[Cheap tours on the Congo are being advertised. It is hoped that a substantial reduction in first-class fares will speedily popularise the country.]

I go as a rule
At the coming of Yule,
To a place where the sunshine's obtrusive;
At Hydros I'm found,
Where dyspeptics abound,
And massage and physic's inclusive;
Or a shelter I grace
In some fashion-plate place
Where the giddy and frivolous throng
go,
But to Fashion adieu,
If the rumour is true
They're reducing the fares on the Congo.

Each English resort
Will lack my support,
Nor do Cannes or Mentone intrigue me,
I see the same faces
At watering-places,
And the places and faces fatigue me.
But I now can afford
To career like a lord
To the land of the palm and the mango;
To the Tropics I'll ship
For a cheap little trip,
A week-end at warm Wango-wango.

Eluding the net
Of my usual set,
And the hump that it constantly gave me,
The lies and the smirks
Of refinement that irks—
In the Jellala Falls I will lave me.
In a place I will stay
That is called *O-go-way*,
I will shake by the hand the Obongo,
And with vigour renewed
I shall come back imbued
With the charms that are cheap on the
Congo.

DISTINGUISHED INVALIDS.

(Latest Bulletins.)

[“A person writing to the *Daily Dispatch* says the Marquess of ANGLESEY's wonderful polyglot parrot is not ill, but on the contrary was laughing and chatting very heartily on Monday.”—*St. James's Gazette*.]

WE are glad to be able to state that Lord MOUNT SORREL's favourite monkey, which has been suffering lately from Phlebitis, is well on the way to recovery. No further bulletins will be issued.

The report that Lady AGATHA FITZ-HUNTER's pet pony was confined to the stable with Bronchitis is grossly exaggerated. The pony merely complained of being a little horse. The joke, of course, like its maker, was a chestnut.

Mrs. MARTIN BRADLEY's French poodle

is rapidly re-covering. It is admitted on all hands, however, that it was a remarkably close shave.

The alarming rumour that Lord BARNDORE's famous owl (which had been suffering from insomnia lately) had committed suicide on Tuesday night, is happily contradicted this morning. It appears that the owl had merely left the house for a few hours for a special purpose—to wit, to woo!

Lord RASPBERRY's prize turkey, which a short time ago had a painful operation performed on its neck, was able to appear at dinner last night and received a cordial welcome from those present.

The absurd tale that Lady HOFMAN WOOD's pretty little Manx cat was suffering from diseased liver has no foundation in fact. The liver was perfectly good, and similar to that usually supplied.



IN A TRAM-CAR.

Lady (with smelly basket of fish). "DESSAY YOU'D RATHER 'AVE A GENTLEMAN GETTIN' A-SIDE OF YOU?"

Gilded Youth (who has been edging away). "YES, I WOULD."

Lady. "SAME 'ERE!"

LIFE'S LITTLE DIFFICULTIES.

VII.—THE CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS.

I.

The Rev. Lawrence Liddbetter to his curate the Rev. Arthur Starling.

DEAR STARLING,—I am sorry to appear to be running away at this busy season, but a sudden call to London on business leaves me no alternative. I shall be back on Christmas Eve for certain, perhaps before. You must keep an eye on the decorations, and see that none of our helpers get out of hand. I have serious doubts as to Miss GREEN.

Yours, L. L.

II.

Mrs. Clibborn to the Rev. Lawrence Liddbetter.

DEAR RECTOR,—I think we have got over the difficulty which we were talking of—Mr. LULHAM's red hair and the discord it would make with the crimson decorations. MAGGIE and POSEY and I have been working like slaves, and have put up a beautiful and effectual screen of evergreen which completely obliterates the key-board and organist. I think you will be delighted. Mr. STARLING approves most cordially.

Yours sincerely,
MARY CLIBBORN.

III.

Miss Pitt to the Rev. Lawrence Liddbetter.

MY DEAR MR. LIDDBETTER,—We are all so sorry you have been called away, a strong guiding hand being never more needed. You will remember that it was arranged that I should have sole charge of the memorial window to Colonel SOPER—we settled it just outside the Post Office on the morning that poor BLADES was kicked by the Doctor's pony. Well, Miss LOCKIE now says that Colonel SOPER's window belongs to her, and she makes it impossible for me to do anything. I must implore you to write to her putting it right, or the decorations will be ruined. Mr. STARLING is kind, but quite useless. Yours sincerely,

VIRGINIA PITT.

IV.

Miss Lockie to the Rev. Lawrence Liddbetter.

MY DEAR MR. LIDDBETTER,—I am sorry to have to trouble you in your enforced rest, but the interests of the church must not be neglected, and you ought to know that Miss PITT not only insists that the decoration of Colonel SOPER's window was entrusted to her, but prevents me carrying it out. If you recollect, it was during tea at Mrs. MILLSTONE's that it was arranged that I should be responsible for this window. A telegram to Miss PITT would put the matter right at

once. Dear Mr. STARLING is always so nice, but he does so lack firmness.

Yours sincerely,
MABEL LOCKIE.

V.

Mrs. St. John to the Rev. Lawrence Liddbetter.

DEAR RECTOR,—I wish you would let Miss GREEN have a line about the decoration of the pulpit. It is no use any of us saying anything to her since she went to the Slade School and acquired artistic notions, but a word from you would work wonders. What we all feel is that the pulpit should be bright and



LADIES, WOULD NOT MR. PUNCH MAKE AN IDEAL HUSBAND AT CHRISTMAS-TIME?

gay, with some cheerful texts on it, a suitable setting for you and your helpful Christmas sermon, but Miss GREEN's idea is to drape it entirely in black muslin and purple, like a lying in state. One can do wonders with a little cotton wool and a few yards of Turkey twill, but she will not understand this. How with all her *nouveau art* ideas she got permission to decorate the pulpit at all I cannot think, but there it is, and the sooner she is stopped the better. Poor Mr. STARLING drops all the hints he can, but she disregards them all.

Yours sincerely,
CHARLOTTE ST. JOHN.

VI.

Miss Olive Green to the Rev. Lawrence Liddbetter.

DEAR MR. LIDDBETTER,—I am sure you will like the pulpit. I am giving it the most careful thought, and there is every promise of a scheme of austere beauty,

grave and solemn and yet just touched with a note of happier fulfilment. For the most part you will find the decorations quite conventional—holly and evergreens, the old terrible cotton-wool snow on crimson background. But I am certain that you will experience a thrill of satisfied surprise when your eyes alight upon the simple gravity of the pulpit's drapery and its flowing sensuous lines. It is so kind of you to give me this opportunity to realise some of my artistic self. Poor Mr. STARLING, who is entirely Victorian in his views of art, has been talking to me about gay colours, but my work is done for you and those who can understand.

Yours sincerely,
OLIVE GREEN.

VII.

Mrs. Millstone to the Rev. Lawrence Liddbetter.

DEAR RECTOR,—Just a line to tell you of a delightful device I have hit upon for the decorations. Cotton-wool, of course, makes excellent snow, and rice is sometimes used, on gum, to suggest winter too. But I have discovered that the most perfect illusion of a white rime can be obtained by wetting the leaves and then sprinkling flour on them. I am going to get all the others to let me finish off everything like that on Christmas Eve (like varnishing-day at the Academy, my husband says), when it will be all fresh for Sunday. Mr. STARLING, who is proving himself such a dear, is delighted with the scheme. I hope you are well in that dreadful foggy city.

Yours sincerely,
ADA MILLSTONE.

VIII.

Mrs. Hobbs, charwoman, to the Rev. Lawrence Liddbetter.

HONOURED SIR,—I am writing to you because HOBBS and me dispare of getting any justice from the so called ladies who have been turning the holy church of St. Michael and all Angels into a Covent Garden market. To sweep up holly and other green stuff I don't mind, because I have heard you say year after year that we should all do our best at Christmas to help each other. I always hold that charity and kindness are more than rubys, but when it comes to flour I say no. If you would believe it Mrs. MILLSTONE is first watering the holly and the lorrel to make it wet, and then sprinkling flour on it to look like hoar frost, and the mess is something dreadful, all over the cushions and carpet. To sweep up ordinary dust I don't mind, more particularly as it is my paid work and bounden duty; but unless it is made worth my while HOBBS says I must say no. We draw the line at sweeping up dough. Mr. STARLING

is very kind, but as **HOBBS** says you are the founting head. Awaiting a reply I am
Your humble servant,

MARTHA HOBBS.

IX.

Mrs. Vansittart to the Rev. Laurence Lidbetter.

DEAR RECTOR,—If I am late with the north windows you must understand that it is not my fault, but **PEDDER'S**. He has suddenly and most mysteriously adopted an attitude of hostility to his employers (quite in the way one has heard of gardeners doing), and nothing will induce him to cut me any evergreens, which he says he cannot spare. The result is that poor **HORACE** and **Mr. STARLING** have to go out with lanterns after **PEDDER** has left the garden, and cut what they can and convey it to the church by stealth. I think we shall manage fairly well, but thought you had better know in case the result is not equal to your anticipation.

Yours sincerely,
GRACE VANSITTART.

X.

Mr. Lulham, organist, to the Rev. Laurence Lidbetter.

DEAR SIR,—I shall be glad to have a line from you authorising me to insist upon the removal of a large screen of evergreens which **Mrs. CLIBBORN** and her daughters have erected by the organ. There seems to be an idea that the organ is unsightly, although we have had no complaints hitherto, and the effect of this barrier will be to interfere very seriously with the choral part of the service. **Mr. STARLING** sympathises with me, but has not taken any steps.

Believe me, Yours faithfully,
WALTER LULHAM.

XI.

The Rev. Laurence Lidbetter to Mrs. Lidbetter.

MY DEAREST HARRIET,—I am having, as I expected, an awful time with the decorations, and I send you a batch of letters and leave the situation to you. **Miss PITT** had better keep the Soper window. Give the **LOCKIE** girl one of the autograph copies of my *Narrow Path*, with a reference underneath my name to the chapter on self-sacrifice, and tell her how sorry I am that there has been a misunderstanding. **Mrs. HOBBS** must have an extra half-a-crown, and the flouting must be discreetly discouraged—on the ground of waste of food material. Assure **LULHAM** that there shall be no barrier, and then tell **Mrs. CLIBBORN** that the organist has been given a pledge that nothing should intervene between his music and the congregation. I am dining with the **LAWSONS** to-night, and we go afterwards to the *Tempest*, I think.

Your devoted L.



C. S. French. 1904

THE GREAT QUESTION.

Fond Young Mother (with first-born). "Now, WHICH OF US DO YOU THINK HE IS LIKE?"
Friend (judicially). "WELL, OF COURSE, INTELLIGENCE HAS NOT REALLY DAWNED IN HIS COUNTENANCE YET, BUT HE'S WONDERFULLY LIKE BOTH OF YOU!"

SCIENCE NOTES.

By Professor Job Lott.

BED-RIDDEN SPORTSMEN.

ACCORDING to the *Onlooker* the newest cure is dining in bed, especially after a long day's motoring. If it is a taste for automobilism that such fragile individuals are to be cured of, one might suggest that a simpler remedy would be to stop in bed altogether. However, Society will be served, and the next step will be a combination of feather-bed and motor. We fully expect to see very shortly a procession of petrol-driven four-posters along the Brighton road, with electric warming-pans and night-lights complete, also arrangements for being called, on occasion, by the hedge-row policeman, for travelling below the

legal limit of pace, and thereby obstructing the traffic. Very little change will be required to transform the present motor costume into a dressing-gown and night-cap. When all the scorchers have retired to roost or fallen out, honest pedestrians and cyclists will come by their rights. The term "bed-ridden" now bids fair to acquire a new shade of meaning, both active and passive.

QUERY (by one who is not very well up in Latin, and now does not intend to be). Was "*Pontifex Maximus*" the title given to the best player at Bridge by the ancient Romans? *Si quis hoc acit placebitne mihi dare responsum.* [Not quite forgotten my ancient scholarship.—M.A. 1863.]



THE LAST STRAW.

Giles. "I DON'T KNOW WHAT 'TIS COMIN' TO! POOR BILL'S GONE, YER AUNT EMMA'S BROKE 'ER LEG, YER POOR OLD MOTHER'S VERY ILL, AN' NOW, DANG IT ALL, THERE'S A FOWL DEAD!"

A PRESENT PERPLEXITY.

The time grows short!
(A sounding phrase, but void of comfort to me);
And still I am enveloped in a sort
Of mental nebula, obscure and gloomy.

I dare not risk
A swift resolve—the issue is too solemn—
I dread her stare, so like the basilisk,
Sending cold shivers down my spinal column.

And I recall
A former dire result of rash decision,
When tremblingly I had to suffer all
The tortures of her merciless derision;

When she refused
Alike well-meant excuse and flattering unction,
And cast my offering, twisted up and bruised,
Into the fire without the least compunction.

If I could peep
Into her maiden longings, vague and dim, like
Some old magician, then I'd quickly leap
High o'er the difficulty, Sunny Jimlike.

Alas! I fear
That mine is not the wizard's avocation,
And I shall see my course of action clear
Only through long-drawn mental tribulation.

This is the fix,
That plunges me in worry so unpleasant:—
Her name is ANGELA, her age is six;
What can I give her for a Christmas present?

Commercial Candour.

In the *Scarborough Post*, under the head of "Christmas Cheer," a local firm advertises:

Mince Meat, 1s. per lb., our own make.

The first officer of the *Malacca*, lately arrived in London, reports as follows:—"When we had got as far as the bottom of the Red Sea, we were stopped by the *Peterburg*." He says nothing, however, of PHAROAH's chariots.

"BISHOPS," said the Rev. Mr. PHILLIPS to the Playgoers' Club, "are not really so stiff and starchy as they are made out to be. There is a good heart beneath the gaiters." Calf-love, we presume.



DIVISION OF LABOUR.

[British Naval Estimates for the year 1904-5, £36,880,500. Appropriations in aid: Australia, £200,000; Canada, nil.]

CHARIVARIA.

WITH reference to the Children's Hotel which has been opened in Pembridge Square, we are sorry to hear the rumour that, although there are many comforts in the buildings, some of the little inmates are complaining bitterly of the absence of card-tables.

An hotel for motorists only is to be established near Cannes. Segregation seems a capital idea.

A gentleman writes to the *Express* to protest against the christening of war-ships by means of a bottle of wine. As a matter of fact, we understand that, as often as not, some thoughtful Jack Tar prevents the waste by (unofficially) changing the contents of the bottle.

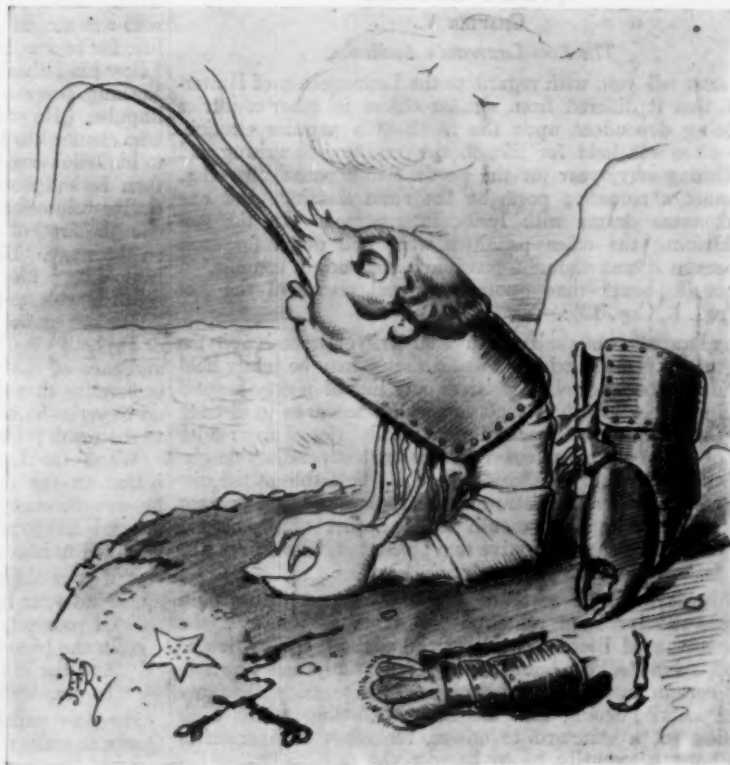
General LYTTELTON, speaking at Leicester last week, on the work of the Army Council, said, "We work in what I may call water-tight compartments." The object of this is, we suppose, to try and prevent the water getting to the brain as it so often did at the old War Office.

The Army Council's idea of providing an organ for the publication of articles which were not up to the standard of the existing Service Journals has been abandoned. "Financial considerations" are given as the official reason. The expense of obtaining purchasers would have been enormous.



Sir 'Enery Campbell-Bannerman follows that there Joseph to the "Hedinburrer Corstle."

"Try to be a gentleman, eh? I'll give 'im what for!"



THE DEFENCELESS CRUSTACEAN.

JOHN BULL AT THE MERCY OF HIS ENEMIES. INDIGNANTLY DEDICATED TO THE WAR OFFICE AND SUCCESSIVE SECRETARIES OF STATE FOR WAR.

"This country follows the procedure of that edible invertebrate, the lobster. At intervals the lobster casts its shell, and until a new one grows he is absolutely helpless and has to conceal himself in a hole. That is our case, only we have no sheltering hole . . . We appoint a committee which discovers a number of things previously known to all other nations, we provide ourselves with a new shell, lucky if nobody attacks us in the meantime, and then we go to sleep again."—*The "Times"* on the disgraceful state of our Field Artillery, Dec. 15.]

A Somerset vicar was thoughtlessly described by the chairman of his annual parish meeting as "a capable preacher, a good golfer, and a graceful dancer." And now the Cake-Walkers are after him.

Judge TINDAL ATKINSON has just come to the conclusion that a schoolmaster is not a gentleman. Some schoolboys had suspected this for years.

The Macedonian Gipsies having expressed their willingness to go to Germany if they were paid £50, the amount, it is said, was immediately subscribed several times over. Where will this insensate hatred of Germany stop?

We hear that Russia has decided to follow the British Admiralty's example of re-naming the fleets, and that the Baltic Fleet will be known in future as the Half-seas-over Fleet, and the Port Arthur Fleet as the Submarine Fleet.

Londoners sometimes grumble because there is no Sunday delivery of letters as in the country, but they have their consolation: this year their worst enemies cannot force them to receive Christmas cards on the 25th.

Ants' Nests are said to be the latest novelty in gifts. Rough-coated dogs have, of course, been a common form of present for some time.

The King of ITALY proposes to give a statue of CÆSAR to New York, to stand beside that of FREDERICK THE GREAT, presented by the KAISER. Such jealousy seems to us to be very petty.

THERE are phases of victory in the Sugar trade. Saccharina has many enemies, but she has one stout ally, and, curiously enough, will be victorious when she is Sugar Beet.

QUEEN SYLVIA.

CHAPTER V.

The Poet Laureate's Audience.

I MUST tell you, with regard to the Laureateship of Hinterland, that it differed from similar offices in other countries in being dependent upon the result of a popular election. The office was held for life, on the condition of writing and publishing every year (at the poet's own expense) two odes, a sonnet, a narrative poem on the rural districts, and one blank verse drama with lyrics interspersed. In the Act establishing the office penalties were laid down for such offences as it was thought possible a poet might commit. I cannot do better than quote the penal clause of the Act (5 Fred. I., Cap. 13):—

"Any Laureate who shall commit a false rhyme or omit a rhyme in any place in which the said rhyme may be justly held due to occur or shall protract any line of poetry beyond its proper length or shall so vary his metre as to distract the attention or shock the susceptibilities of any reader of full age shall on conviction before a stipendiary magistrate or a Court of Quarter Sessions be liable at the discretion of the Magistrate or Chairman to imprisonment not exceeding one month as a prisoner of the second class or in the alternative to a penalty not exceeding £10 for every offence proved against him."

This, it must be admitted, was a stringent clause, and there was a constant agitation for its repeal amongst the more advanced literary circles of the country. Why, it was asked, should a Poet Laureate be more strictly tied down to keep certain antiquated rules of poetic expression than any other poets? Seeing that the Laureate, owing to his high position, set a standard to others, the effect of hampering him must necessarily be to hamper the rest, and thus the originality of those who professed the art must be seriously restricted. Besides, what appeared to one generation to be a false rhyme might in the progress of poetry be absolutely correct in another, and thus there could be no consistency in the character of the offences punished from time to time. The great Laureate GRAMBICHUS, for instance, had undergone a month's confinement in the last century for rhyming "shadow" with "meadow," but a recent decision (on appeal) of the Lord Chief Justice had laid it down that this rhyme was permissible. On these and similar grounds they demanded the repeal of the clause. It is, however, to the credit of the Hinterlanders that the strong good sense which is, perhaps, their most eminent characteristic, had hitherto made them deaf to these clamours.

On the other hand, the emoluments of the office were substantial. The Laureate was entitled to draw as salary £100 a year in money and fourteen pounds of best beef every week from the Royal larder. In addition he was entitled to have his official lyre re-strung twice a year at the public expense, to have his hair dressed by the Court wig-maker, and to charge for two suits of bright green taffetas every year. Quarters were provided for him in the bell-tower of the King's Palace. I ought to add that, on the death or resignation of any incumbent of the office, candidates were at once invited to submit their names, accompanied by testimonials, to the Chamberlain, and after an interval of three weeks, during which the poets stumped the country giving specimens of their powers, the electors were summoned to the polling-booths to decide the matter. All males of full age were entitled to be registered as voters, "save and except only" (I quote the words of the Act) "notorious poets or such persons as may have been found to be idiots or lunatics or convicts or in arrear with their taxes for a period of not less than two years immediately preceding such election."

The present Laureate had held the office for four years, having received ten thousand votes more than the candidate who was second on the poll. He had not been a poet all his life, for he was born in a humble rank, and had been bred to follow his father's somewhat prosaic business of brick-laying. Nothing, however, could long stand in the way of his metrical impulse. He was rescued from bricks by a literary agent who chanced to hear him declaiming an original composition to his fellow-workmen, and was struck by his genius. Since then he had made good use of his time, and had published twelve volumes of selected poetry and seven tragedies—only one (the first) of which had, however, been actually produced on the stage. His hair, most of which he had lost, had never been long; his eyes were not dreamy; his brow did not recall marble, and he was stout and of short stature. Indeed, he looked more like a prosperous silversmith than anything or anybody else. On this morning he was to have an official audience of his Sovereign, and as on these occasions it was imperative that the conversation on his side should be carried on in verse he was not without some natural nervousness as to the result; for even poets have their off-moments.

When the Laureate was announced SYLVIA was already seated on the throne in her audience-chamber, and thither he was at once conducted by the Chamberlain. When he entered he bowed very low, and SYLVIA having graciously signified to him that he might speak freely, he thus began:—

"If your Majesty pleases, I've come to make sure
That your Royal approval of me will endure.
Of your pity I beg let me bask for a space
In the beams born of beauty that shine from your face;
And the least of your poets will humbly endeavour
To pray that your life may continue for ever."

Here he paused and coughed, as though expecting the Queen to make a remark.

"Oh, how very clever!" said SYLVIA, clapping her hands with pleasure. "How in the world do you manage to do it? The rhymes, for instance. They always puzzle me most dreadfully whenever I've tried to compose anything."

The Laureate's face assumed an expression of reverential admiration, and he started again:—

"Oh triumph of triumphs! Let all the world know it!
The Queen of our country herself is a poet!
In rhyming, with practice, you won't find much trouble,
Unless, as at present, the rhymes should be double."

"But I shouldn't dream of making double ones," said the Queen; "the single sort are quite enough for me."

At this moment a violent scratching was heard on the door of the audience-chamber.

"It's Rollo," said the Queen, for she noticed that the Laureate started apprehensively, "my St. Bernard dog. Be quiet, Rollo!" she called out, "I shan't let you in yet. Go back to SARAH. I'm busy."

The Laureate was prompt to seize the occasion.

"Dog," he said, closing his eyes and wrinkling his forehead, as clergymen do when they say grace, "Dog—um—um—ah—Dog." Then he opened his eyes and continued:—

"Dog of the dewlap and the dewclaw too,
Much would I give to be turned into you.
Luckiest of dogs, you see the Queen each day,
And can insist where others have to pray.
Yet spare the gilded door you're clawing now,
Until the poet shall have made his——"

"Bow!" barked Rollo in a deep bass voice from the ante-room.

SYLVIA laughed. "Rollo's a poet, too," she said. "He finished that line for you splendidly, didn't he? And now I think we'll have dinner. I'm sure Mamma will be delighted to see you, and you needn't talk poetry unless you feel you simply can't help it."



"A LITTLE LEARNING."

'Arry (who has had a toss). "I SAY, MISTER, JUST TELL ME WHAT TO DO NEXT, WILL YER? I'VE SAT ON 'EM FOR ABOUT A QUARTER OF AN HOUR."

THE GLORY THAT IS GLUBB'S.

HOW TO SHOP.

[These notes have been compiled by a member of Mr. Punch's advertising staff with a view to solving the paramount problem of the moment—Where shall I do my Christmas shopping?]

MAN, or at any rate man's better half—the half which is more than the whole, as PLATO remarks in one of his most

luminous *obiter dicta*—is a shopping animal, and this natural instinct, illustrated alike by the early Minoan *graffiti* and the flint implements of the prehistoric Polynesians, is developed with peculiar intensity in "a nation of shopkeepers," to quote the jocund phrase of BOSSUET. Life without shopping is unthinkable. But, granted this momentous and irrefragable major premiss, we are at once confronted with the insistent necessity of deciding where and under what conditions the satisfaction of this primordial impulse can best be achieved.

As Mr. MORLEY remarks of ROBESPIERRE, nothing is so painful as the spectacle of the unhappy doctrinaire inextricably involved in the intricacies of practice. Without some plain instructions, the average individual is in danger of being paralysed by the *enchevêtrement* of modern life. To shop in London, especially at this season, is to emulate the temerarious exploits of a football referee. Salvation and sanity can only be compassed by a rigorous method of decentralisation.

Within a certain radius the temptations to reckless expenditure in the metropolis are almost irresistible. Only the other day a well-known Fellow of an Oxford College, a confirmed misogynist and a rock-climber of European celebrity, went into Regent Street from his club for half an hour, and came back to his chambers the embarrassed possessor of a diamond tiara. He was utterly unable to give any adequate explanation for this rash act—personally he is a man of ascetic habits and negligent attire—which must be ascribed simply to the infection of environment. But if a man of culture and self-restraint can be thus beguiled how much greater must be the temptation to persons less adequately equipped and fortified with the virtues of the Porch?

The true philosopher no doubt emerges triumphantly from the ordeal by practising SYDNEY SMITH's precepts. When the spending fit is upon him he will ask first: Can I afford it? Second: Can I do without it? But we cannot be all philosophers or even Fellows of Colleges. The average man, still more the average woman, needs some clearly defined means of escape from the dangers of propinquity. In a word, if we would shop with sanity, we must shun the central marts of

shop in the village, in addition to which the peculiar and entrancing odour diffused from the premises renders the task of identification simple even to the most short-sighted visitors. Here in close proximity are to be found boots, corduroy pants, oleo-margarine, oranges, kerosene, lard-cakes, Spanish onions, insect-powder, blacking, golden syrup, apples, and kippers. Variety, in the words of ARISTOTLE, is the sweetest of all boons, and here you have variety, both

of substance and aroma, in the most concentrated and pungent profusion.

The sufferings of shopping in London are enormously enhanced by the vicious system of departments. To take an everyday experience,—you have bought, say, a mink pelerine and wish to purchase a hot-water bottle. Accordingly you appeal to a sleek shopwalker, only to be told, "Hot-water bottles? Yes, Madam. Fourth shop to the left, then take the lift to the hardware department on the second floor." These senseless and irritating pilgrimages are unknown to the clients of GLUBB'S Emporium.

There everything is to be found within the compass of a single room of 14 ft. x 12 ft. You want a Finnan haddie: you have only to stretch out your hand and take it. Are bull's-eyes your dear desire? You will find them on the counter in a glass bottle which also contains Kentish cobs, liquorice sticks and postage stamps. The day is wet and you think it inadvisable to face the return journey without some extra protection against the damp. Goloshes, arranged in a tasteful festoon depending from a hook fastened into the door jamb, confront your gaze with reassuring radiance. This economy of space is truly

marvellous. Picture post-cards are kept in the snuff-canister, and medlars in a barrel half-full of bars of washing soap.

There is nothing that GLUBB'S does not keep, except the more flagrant luxuries of modern complex civilisation, such as potted char, star sapphires, and silk pyjamas. We asked in vain for these; but on the other hand we were instantly served with tinned sardines, bread, hob-nailed boots, a hammer and nails, a rat-trap, a bottle of capers, a ball of string, and some excellent French figs at a very low figure.

Any shop that contains in profusion



BUSINESS.

"HOW MUCH HAVE YOU GOT, BILLY?"

"FOURPENCE."

"I'VE GOT TWOPENCE. LET'S PUT IT TOGETHER AND GO HALVES!"

fashion, we must assist in the re-flow of the town to the country, so eloquently pictured by Sir ROBERT HUNTER in the current *Nineteenth Century*, and enrol ourselves amongst the customers of GLUBB'S Emporium at Little Chipley.

The advantages of such a course are self-evident, but they may be speedily enumerated. Little Chipley, which is only 23 miles from Charing Cross, is 3½ miles by road from the station of Slopford on the South Midland, and by changing at Bramshall Junction one can get there in just under two hours. It is impossible to miss your way, as GLUBB'S is the only

the articles on which the prosperity and comfort of the wage-earning community are based may be said to reach very near perfection; and GLUBB'S is that shop.

To know GLUBB'S is to know rural England.

But this exquisite symphony of odours, this complex and irresistible appeal to the olfactory organs, coupled with a concentration of commodities impossible of achievement in a metropolitan shop, do not exhaust the advantages and attractions of GLUBB'S Emporium. There remains to be added the important consideration that the limited space available precludes the possibility of such scenes as are too often witnessed in our monster shops and stores. It is physically impossible for more than a dozen persons to enter GLUBB'S at the same time. There is, therefore, no danger of panic or of those strange and turbulent manifestations analysed by M. REYNALDO POUFARDIN in his masterly treatise on *La psychologie de la foule*. As GIBBON remarks, "Conversation may enrich the intellect, but solitude is the true school for genius." If GLUBB'S does not exactly give us solitude—for the operations of purchase must always presuppose at least two persons—at least we find there an atmosphere of quiet and seclusion ineffably refreshing after the turmoil and bustle, say, of Kensington High Street. This return to Nature, this emancipation from the oppressive influence of pompous frock-coated shop-walkers, makes for that efficiency so ardently desiderated by Lord ROSEBERY, and tends to harden and consolidate the national fibre. There being no delivery from GLUBB'S, customers are obliged to carry their parcels home, an effort which, in the case of luxurious Londoners, engenders a healthy sense of fatigue of which they otherwise seldom taste. Physically, as well as morally and financially, a visit to GLUBB'S is fraught with incalculable benefits, and no more fitting conclusion to this imperfect survey of a noble institution can be found than the touching quatrain of the Poet Laureate:—

Philosophers in ancient days
Were satisfied with tubs:
But we, who walk in modern ways,
Find Paradise at GLUBB'S.

Argumentum ad Pocketum.

INCORRIGIBLE old Father Time, going the pace as fast as ever, is annually brought to book by JOHN WALKER & Co., with their useful, natty and Russian-leather-bound Pocket and Note-books for the coming year 1905. What records will not the New Year leave behind him in hundreds of these same pocket-books! What material for any number of *Pepys' Diaries*!



NO WOUNDS LIKE THE OLD ONES.

Barber. "HAIR CUT, SIR?"

Customer (who has been there before). "No. CHIN AND CHEEK, PLEASE."

No Sparing of the Rod.

THE Essex Education Committee, in publishing the estimated cost of forming a School Garden in connection with a Public Elementary Day School, have produced the following calculation:

"Class for 12 Boys—
Each boy 1 rod = 12 rod."

At this rate no child should run the risk of being spoilt.

In order to check extravagance in the Cavalry, the authorities have decided that "fines of money or wine are no longer to be levied on marriage or promotion, or in respect of any minor irregularities." In future the officer

who commits the major irregularity of being promoted will not need to say, with the *King of Denmark*, "O, my offence is rank!"

Mr. Punch's Proverbial Philosophy.

If you want to praise a friend's work do so before it is finished, or it may be too late.

It is better for a man to forget his misfortunes than to talk of them, but he is robbing his friends of a good deal of honest pleasure.

What were vices once are manners now, and yet everybody is not happy.

If the wolf is at your door, be comforted; there is evidently a worse famine elsewhere.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Garrick Club, by PERCY FITZGERALD, F.S.A. (ELLIOT STOCK), is a work specially interesting to "Garrick men," and will be found both entertaining and instructive by all interested in literature and the drama, whether they may be members of "The G." or not. Some of the reproductions of the celebrated pictures, on which the Garrick Club prides itself, are very good; but this cannot be said of all. A curious error has been made by the author at p. 70, where a portrait of GILBERT ARTHUR à BECKETT appears as the portrait of his father, GILBERT ABBOTT à BECKETT. As Mr. PERCY FITZGERALD was, probably, personally acquainted with "Gil" à BECKETT, whose portrait appears at p. 381 in Mr. SPIELMANN'S *History of Punch*, and can be compared with that of his father given at p. 273 in the same work, this is a muddle which a very little trouble, on the part of the painstaking PERCY, would have prevented.

Of the writing of books about the Indian Mutiny there is no end. Private journals, narratives of eye-witnesses, disquisitions by historians, contribute to the bulk. The last word has surely been said by Mr. FORREST in his *History of the Indian Mutiny*, published in two handsome volumes by BLACKWOOD. Long time Director of Records of the Government of India, Mr. FORREST enjoyed exceptional opportunities of getting at the heart of the matter. A touch of personal interest completes the appropriateness of his undertaking. His father, Captain GEORGE FORREST, V.C., was one of the nine who defended the Delhi magazine on May 11, 1857, and his mother lived through this time of storm and stress, sharing in the display of gentleness and courage that added fresh lustre to the crown of womanhood. Varying from the habit of average writers on the stirring topic, Mr. FORREST never attempts picturesque writing. My Baronite finds in his narrative something of the stiffness and all the accuracy of a State paper. But it is brightened on every page by apt quotation of passages from the testimony of eye-witnesses. It is interesting to note that *Maga*, forty-seven years ago, as during the war in South Africa, and in connection with the conflict now going on in the Far East, was distinguished by graphic records from the battle-fields. Lord ROBERTS and Sir HENRY NORMAN, who both went through the Mutiny, read and revised the narrative before it reached the public. Other survivors of the fight have contributed fresh pages to its story. A large map of the British position at Delhi, some smaller plans, and many portraits complete the value of an important contribution to the history of the Empire.

Il y a Grevilles et Grevilles, and two are diarists. All the world knows CHARLES, delighting in his full opportunities, his keen insight, and his incisive style. After an interval of twenty years SMITH, ELDER bring out the third series of *Leaves from the Diary of Henry Greville*. They have the advantage of being edited by Sir HENRY'S niece, the Countess of STRAFFORD, whose work is admirably done. Compared with the Memoirs of his more renowned brother, HENRY GREVILLE'S diary is a little suggestive of the literary effort of a shrewd maiden aunt who, thanks to family connections, moves in interesting Society, and has formed a habit, before putting her curls in paper on retiring to her bedroom, of recording her impressions of the day. The resemblance is borne out by the almost pathetic reverence Sir HENRY GREVILLE had for the *Times* of his day. He frequently does homage to the vigour and prescience of that journal, supporting his view by long quotations. Had he lived into this century my Baronite would like to have seen his face when urged to subscribe (by telephone) to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Comparison with his brother's work is inevitable. Its brilliance need not extinguish the mild effulgence of the later effort. It does not add much to the information of

mankind. But it is interesting as reviving memories of events that occupied the public mind in the middle of the nineteenth century. With Sedan afar off, and the place of Chislehurst unknown on the map, it is striking to find how dominating was the figure of NAPOLEON THE THIRD at the epoch dealt with.

Monsieur JOURDAIN was genuinely and genially surprised to make discovery that he had been talking prose all his life. Sir WILFRID LAWSON is not under any mistake as to his having been writing poetry for at least forty years. His book, *Cartoons in Rhyme and Line* (FISHER UNWIN) is inscribed, "From the worst of poets to the best of wives." This modesty disarms criticism. It is understood that the Poet Laureate, in a recent article lamenting the inadequate recognition paid to the highest form of poetical art, had at the back of his mind some resentment at the success of the Lobby Laureate. That is a personal matter. My Baronite, who for full thirty years, with occasional intervals due to electoral inconstancy, has known Sir WILFRID in the House of Commons as a pungent commentator in rhyme on current political episodes, delights in this collection of his work. The lines do not always scan, and the rhymes are here and there audacious. But the genial humour, the keen insight and the directness of the commentary are delightful. Sir WILFRID has found a sympathetic collaborateur in F. C. G., who by way of illustration gives of his very best.

There is a certain place the pavement of which is proverbially said to consist of good intentions. Employing this concrete material JAMES THE SECOND only succeeded in constructing a *pons asinorum* that enabled him to escape from Great Britain to the Continent. The bridge collapsed, and the return of the Royal STUARTS, in the direct male line, was rendered impossible. Of the building and failure of this bridge, the work entitled *Adventures of King James the Second* (LONGMANS), by the author of the *Life of Sir Kenelm Digby*, is an interesting account, written in a fairly impartial spirit. No Jacobite, nowadays, can be otherwise than justly irritated by the sheer obstinacy, self-conceit, and infirmity of principle, despite his strong religious convictions, displayed by JAMES Duke of YORK, who, on his succession to the throne, was welcomed by a majority in so hearty a manner that it proved his future success to be already three parts assured. His advisers were ill chosen, and as the Right Reverend F. A. GASQUET, the "learned Benedictine," in his cleverly written preface, points out, JAMES was imprudent, indiscreet, and, in the earlier part of his private life, unquestionably immoral. The burden of his dissolute easy-going brother's refrain, of which JAMES bore a small part, was, "*O les femmes, les femmes, il n'y a que ça!*" only JAMES was not for ever singing it; moreover, during his latest years he was a sincere penitent. One thing certainly is to be placed to his credit, as it was by his contemporary and friend the Earl of AILESBUURY, namely, that JAMES "had nothing so much at heart as the strength and glory of the Fleet and the Navy: it was never in so high a pitch nor in so great lustre, as during the time of his administration." JAMES THE SECOND, as Duke of YORK, may be fairly reckoned as the founder of our Navy. His praise, as an administrator at the Admiralty, is sung by business-like SAMUEL PEYS. Incidentally, too, when Duke of YORK, JAMES was in a way the precursor of Mr. CECIL RHODES as "Governor and Chairman of the Committee of Management of the Chartered African Company." On the whole, this is a most interesting book, pleasantly written, and most valuable for reference.

THE BARON



DE

B.W.